UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

IT is a great thing to make a genial, social church home around which the refinements and the amenities of the community gather. But God forbid that these things be bought by the enslavement of a single word or the enthrallment of a single conscience. It will not do to buy the graces in exchange for the integrities of life. Let the minister tell the truth as he sees it, though it be to the distress of the pews and to the dismay of the treasurer.

THOSE who are following the course of Sunday-school study, led by Mr. Learned in these columns, will find Mr. Budge's little book on "Babylonian Life and History," a very concise and scholarly outline of the present knowledge concerning the Assyria of the past, but they will be amused to find how this learned man of the University reconciles himself to the loss of certain portions of a column on the score that it "probably contains the names of the Kings before the flood." How hard and how slow it is even for scholars to escape the fetters of the traditional supernaturalism of religion! But we should be patient with the slow way in which the truths of universal religion and divine law everywhere and always take possession of the human mind. When they do, added peace and strength are sure to come.

A WRITER in the November *Popular Science Monthly* complains that geology is not yet taught in our schools as it should be, because the student's attention is directed to "the extraordinary rather than the ordinary." The writer asserts "there is but one geological laboratory, and that is the great out-of-doors; and no student should study a fossil or a mineral until he has studied the landscape." Substitute the word theology for geology and then note if this instruction is not equally applicable.

WE must anticipate the more adequate notice of the little book just out from the hands of Prof. C. C. Everett, entitled "Ethics for Young People." It is one more illustration how simple a master can make a difficult subject. This little book is wise, eloquent, fascinating, and will be read with equal interest by the grandchild and the grandparent. Every boy and girl in every college and public school in the land should be presented a copy at once. Every teacher should own a copy, study and apply it. And the untrammeled minister will find frequent pulpit passages in it.

THE substitute preamble and first article prepared by Rev. M. Payne, for the National Conference, good as they are, seem unnecessarily long. They recall however the fundamental declarative of the National Council of Congregationalists adopted at Oberlin, November, 1871: "The churches, therefore, while establishing this National Council for the furtherance of the common interests and work of all the churches, do maintain the Scriptural and inalienable right of each to self-government and administration: and the National Council shall never exercise legislative or judicial authority, nor consent to act as a Council of Reference." This in many ways puts our own phraseology, both in spirit and letter, to shame.

THE great Irish leader, Charles Stuart Parnell, whose death occurred under circumstances that surround it with all the elements of moral wreck and tragedy, was, whatever should be said or left unsaid concerning the man in his personal character and relations, —an admirable example of forensic power and eloquence, unsupported by the false and superficial qualities that usually enter into our ideas of the oratorical art. He had neither the gift of flowery language, nor a graceful bearing. Seldom is it a man so passionless in speech and manner has such power to sway and convince a multitude. It was because his words were weighted with truth. His personality was against him as a leader, yet he became one equally honored and feared. By education and birth he was a member of the English gentry and a Protestant, yet Irish Catholics followed him in cheering multitudes to the end. The cause of his downfall lay so far outside all question of his political worth and ability, that for a long time it looked as if his career was not to be seriously checked, but it is to the credit of the advancing social standards of the age that greatness and a power of usefulness as indispensable as Parnell's can no longer be sustained except on the basis of personal moral integrity. His downfall was sad, tragic, pitiful, but not undeserved.

REV. E. A. HORTON, doubtless expresses the hope and conviction of all liberal minds respecting the recent promotion of Phillips Brooks to the bishopric of Massachusetts, when he says the distinction here conferred is a just recognition from his denomination of great ability: "We shall see in him as he goes forward in his duties abroad, an inspiring example of what a bishop can be; in his case, there has been a triumph of manliness and character over narrowness and intrigue; wherever he speaks his influence will be exerted for the universal ends of religious growth, not for sectarian gain."

THE First Unitarian church of Minneapolis, recently celebrated its decennial anniversary, and the pastor, Rev. H. M. Simmons, improved the occasion to tell the story of the church's origin and progress. The first to move in this direction was O. P. Doane, the state auditor. The new organization, he tells us, was not particular about assuming the Unitarian name, which is usually the case with the young liberal society in the West. The first meetings were held in the Jewish synagogue, which afforded much cause for criticism among the orthodox; but these were reminded that "the Bible was largely of Jewish origin and that Jesus himself was a Jew." The era of prosperity seemed to set in about the time of the advent of the present leader, though, of course Mr. Simmons did not say this. The present handsome structure was begun in 1885 and finished two years later, and figures among the first examples of architectural beauty in the West. The history of the society since is known to all Unitarians, East and West, and is a matter of just pride with all.

A WRITER in the *Standard* discusses the preacher's message, and reviews the old-time distinction, so fundamental in orthodox teaching, between the law and the gospel; finding a difficulty imposed therein, if the distinction be insisted on too liberally, which modern preaching if it is to be effective, must overcome. The gospel, or "glad tidings" the followers of Christ are commanded to preach, cannot be expounded, even in its faintest application, without reference to those conditions of sin, ignorance and unbelief which underlie the need of the gospel, and its correct understanding. We do not wonder this laborer in the Lord's vineyard finds himself confused. Good and evil are no longer the exactly opposite and easily distinguished qualities they once appeared. They are sadly and hopelessly mixed in the best and the worst natures. Evil is now seen to be undeveloped good, and the lauded virtue of the best is marred and stained with selfish desire. The new philosophy of life has long since ceased to classify mankind after the order of the sheep on the right hand, and the goats on the left; and the new gospel must fit itself to the larger and more tolerant thought, which finds very little of the intentional sinner in the worst criminal, and the chief cause of vice in ignorance it is the chief duty and privilege of the more fortunate to correct and develop into something better.

OUR readers may be interested in the formal indictment made by the New York Presbytery, against Prof. Briggs, whose trial is to take place November 4. It reads, in substance, as follows:

The Presbyterian church in the United States of America charges Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D.D., being a minister of the Presbyterian church and a member of the Presbytery of New York, with teaching doctrines which conflict irreconcilably and are contrary to the cardinal doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures and contained in the standards of the Presbyterian church, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the only infallible rule of faith and practice. These hurtful errors, striking at the vitals of religion, and contrary to the regulations and practices of the Presbyterian church, were promulgated in an inaugural address which Dr. Briggs delivered at the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York, Jan. 20, 1891, on the occasion of the induction into the Edward Robinson chair of Biblical theology, which address has, with Dr. Briggs' approval, been published and extensively circulated and republished in a second edition with a preface and appendix.

THE quality and nature of the true sermon are always points of interesting discussion among both those who write and those who listen to them. The learned and carefully written discourse is by no means always the most helpful, and simplicity of theme, with directness and practical sense in the treatment, is apt to make the most successful sermon, so far as stimulating thought and arousing will and conscience are concerned; and these, it is agreed, are the sermon's chief objects. A friend writing us lately on the subject of the printed sermon quoted a saying of Dr. Putnam's, that "a sermon which was good for anything as a sermon, was good for nothing in print," but this is an exaggeration. Though much of the force and inspiration of the spoken word is lost in the printed form, not all is lost. The printed sermon has become an integral part of modern literature. Not a month passes but some new volume is issued from the press, and the Post Office Mission is scattering its published leaflets in every direction. Sometimes the printed sermon does more effective work than any other, presenting the opportunity for reflective and undisturbed thought mere listening can not give.

An Evening With the Sunset Club.

A chance spare evening, and the timely encounter of a friend, carried the present writer to one of the regular fortnightly meetings of the Chicago Sunset Club, last Thursday night. This is a club which combines so many unique and interesting features that we commend it to the study of other localities. It is allied in spirit and method to the Twilight Club, of New York, and the Six o'clock Club, of Washington. The gentlemen gathered in one of the parlors of the Grand Pacific hotel, directly from their offices and various places of business, in their ordinary business suits. After a social half hour they sat

down promptly at a quarter past six to a simple meal, at the hour when it was meal time. The club has no constitution or by-laws, and no officers, save an executive committee and a secretary. The dues are but $2.50 per annum, and the cost of the dinner when in attendance, which dinner is kept to the minimum cost consistent with a sensible meal and the special service required. Among the interesting rules of the club are such as these: "No by-laws, no bores, no dudes, no dress coats, no long speeches," and many more of the same crisp kind. After the dinner it is the custom to put the company in charge of a specially appointed chairman, and the club promptly gets to work upon some living, pressing, fresh question, taken anywhere from the domain of living thought. After the introduction the speeches are limited to eight minutes each. The wide range of the constituency insures absolutely free and fearless discussion, coupled always, we are told, with a courtesy and a good nature that is as absolute. Ordinarily the club adjourns at nine o'clock. Thus, instead of an occasion of weariness and nerve strain, bringing fatigue, it becomes one refreshing, restful and quickening to the overworked business man, who is at his home before it is bedtime. This is a club after our own heart. It gives social intercourse and mental exchange at a minimum outlay of strength, time and money.

There is but one improvement to be suggested, nay two, viz.: That the gentlemen should forego their cigars at the close of the meal, that the physical atmosphere may be kept as wholesome to the end as the social. And that the men should by appointment meet their wives, sisters, mothers or best friend at their office or hotel parlor, and that they sit down together in the same simple fashion, for the same sensible and commendable end. But alas, we fear that this is quite Utopian and is not to be expected for many generations yet. And the difficulty will lie, we fear, not with the men, but with the women. We fear only a few women would consent to present themselves in such a company in the same quiet afternoon dress as that in which they sit down to their own dinner-table at home. And until that is done a "Sunset Club of Men and Women" is impossible. With the advent of the lace and the trails and the nameless *somethings* which the feminine intelligence persists in deeming necessary, in order to win grace and ease in the presence of gentlemen, will come the patent leather, "swallow-tail," and the glazed and glaring fronts of the gentlemen, which mean, going home to dress, belated hours, the artificiality and conventionality with which our city life is already surfeited. These are the things that perhaps, above all others, depreciate the moral currency and dissipate the moral enthusiasm of our city communities. When a Sunset Club of men and women becomes possible the dawn of a new social regime, and a more ethical order of things will appear. Where are the women who will dare to help inaugurate such a club, and sensible enough to meet its requirements? Such a club may not be expected first in Chicago or any of the great cities, already fettered, burdened and bored with clubs, which scarcely anybody fully enjoys, but of which only a few yet dare speak frankly; but in some of our smaller towns the narrowness of church lines and the bitterness of political partizanship might even now be ameliorated by just such a joint organization of men and women.

The subject for discussion for this particular session for our club, being the "Sunday opening of the World's Fair" the club did not adjourn at nine. Twice was the time extended, and speeches limited first to five and then to three minutes; and still the largest meeting ever held by the club, consisting of some two hundred and fifty of as brainy men as Chicago could well gather, separated with their intense interest unabated, and with a good-natured, but intellectually sincere concern over the problem, at a white heat. Dr. Herrick Johnson led the argument for the closing of the Fair, and Judge McConnell for the opening; and we are sorry to say that the "Doctor of Divinity" and the teacher of preachers, had much to learn from his legal antagonist in the points of graciousness and courtesy from those who differed from him. We do not choose here to speak of the merits of Dr. Johnson's argument, which in the main was well taken and ably urged. But when he applied ridicule and sarcasm to those who favored an open fair on Sunday, he tried to meet Ingersoll on his own grounds, without Ingersoll's geniality and humor. Those who favor the open fair are not "some nondescript side-shows of American life," and are actuated by some other than "mercenary motives," Dr. Herrick Johnson notwithstanding.

The Proposed Liturgy.

Much has been said and written of late in regard to the use of a liturgy in our Unitarian churches. As might be expected, such proposed use has its advocates and opponents among us. It is to be regretted that the subject was given so little time at the recent meeting of the National Conference, and that the careful and interesting report of the chairman of the "Committee on Liturgy" (appointed some time ago by the directors of the association) was followed by no general expression of opinion. It seemed hardly just either to the work done by the committee or to the importance of the subject. If such work is to be undertaken at all by official appointment, it would seem that a general conference of our churches is the proper occasion for a recognition of that work and a full expression of opinion upon the whole subject. It may be said that the subject had been more or less discussed by correspondence with the committee; yet a free expression in open conference would have been of great value. The report in question referred to the growing use of liturgical forms in many of our churches, and this fact was naturally made a basis of expectation in regard to the adoption of some prepared compilation. The hindrances in the way, however, were not overlooked, and the report as a whole spoke well for the committee's honest aim and patient work thus far. We refer to this report just now, however, only to say a few words touching the main matter of it,—the preparation at present of a liturgy for general adoption in our Unitarian churches. It is true that of late a tendency to some use of liturgical forms has shown itself in our simple and somewhat bare congregational order of service. Especially is this noticeable in the religious festivals of the year.

Our Sunday-school Societies, both east and west, have been in the habit of preparing attractive orders of service for these occasions, in which church and Sunday-school are accustomed to join. Many individual churches have also prepared work of this kind, and have observed these festival days with a somewhat elaborated ritual of their own. But it may be said that these facts are at best indicative of a tendency as yet, rather than of any general readiness at present to adopt a full-fledged "liturgy" or book of common prayer. For this last, indeed, it seems to us that very many of our churches are not ready, and—what is of more consideration—that the time is not yet ripe for the compilation of a liturgy for any very wide use among us. The more or less individual preparations, already referred to, have been of great value in two ways: First, they have been suggestive and tentative towards some more adequate forms in the course of time; and, secondly, they have served to train the congregation gradually to the use and the love of some variation in the old-time order of service. And this means much. To bring suddenly into any of our congregations, altogether unused to such forms, a complete "liturgy" seems to us a hazardous experiment. A liturgy not only "grows" itself, but it implies a growth in the people using it as well. It can not be foisted, so to speak, ready-made upon any congregation. And this process of growth or preparation must yet go on, we think, before any very elaborate liturgical compilation, whatever its merit, will find more than a half-hearted response in the average congregation.

But to our second consideration: We very much doubt if the time be yet ripe for preparing a liturgy to meet with any wide acceptance in our Unitarian churches, or likely long to hold its place after adoption. The theological air is yet too hazy. Even in our own fellowship the period is too much one of transition. Phraseology disused by many is yet to many dear. Not that there is wider divergence of thought within our free communion than is to be found in the larger folds,—in the Episcopal Church, for example. We do not think there is. But it is one thing by accommodation and slow custom to temper words of once very definite meaning, as they occur in an inherited form, and it is quite another to adopt and repeat such words *de novo* when their true import has become matter of difference among equally honest minds. To an increasing number to-day that old-time Scripture has significance: "By thy words shalt thou be justified and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."

The only basis upon which a liturgy can be compiled among us to-day with any great hope of continuance, it seems to us, is one that shall have in special view, not the "average" Unitarian but the Unitarian whose mental attitude (limitation, some may think) is that of pure and simple theism. We are not without some denominational experience for suggestion and guidance here. The "Hymn and Tune Book" of 1868, went through a complete "revision" in somewhat less than ten years; and, so far as we are informed, the liturgical part in both editions has never met with wide acceptance and use. It seems to us that it might not be unwise in this matter of a liturgy, instead of attempting for the present a completed form, to prepare, from time to time, simple leaflets, with the score for whatever is to be sung or chanted, and give these wide trial in our churches, thus testing their acceptance and use. Out of such there might come, in the course of years, the preparation of a noble liturgy and the preparation of our congregations for it; and such a liturgy would have promise of permanence.

F. L. H.

Teacher:— "Anonymous means without a name. Write a sentence showing you understand how to use the word." Small girl (writes): "Our new baby is anonymous."—*Life.*

"ARE Mr. and Mrs. Green at home?" was asked of the little girl who answered the bell. "Yes." "Are they engaged?" The small girl looked horrified as she answered: "Why, they are married."—*Ex.*

Men and Things.

THE Mormons are building a church in Copenhagen for the members of their faith there.

ONE of our exchanges reports that an organized band of girl thieves, from eight to thirteen years old, was lately broken up in New York by the arrest of the leader.

THE money of Chili at present is peculiar. It consists of small tags of pasteboard, on which a man writes the value for which he is willing to redeem it, putting his name on the back. It then begins to circulate until it finally gets back to the source from which it emanated.

JAPAN commands our respect anew when we read that the Emperor has decreed that every man who provokes a duel or accepts a challenge shall pay a heavy fine and serve from six months to two years in the galleys. The taunting of a man for his refusal to fight when challenged will be regarded as slander, and will be so treated by the courts.

THE new educational law of England which provides for free schools, is accomplishing good results, though there appears to be a large class of English parents who will not send their children to school until compelled to do so; and it looks as though, to meet this condition of things, Parliament will soon have to supplement the free-school law with a law for compulsory schooling, thus following the American example.

MRS. PHŒBE HEARST, widow of Senator Hearst, has endowed five $300 scholarships for young women at the State University of California at Berkeley. Candidates for these scholarships are to be recommended by the county superintendents of schools, but the scholarships are not to be given as prizes for honors in the entrance examination. The State University has the largest Freshman class on record, 202 being admitted.

THE African Native Choir, which has lately made such a success in London, is composed of native Kaffirs, and their songs, original with the Kaffirs, are sweet and pathetic. The African Choir has sung before the Queen at Osborne. The choir, like the Hampton and Fisk students, gives concerts to raise money for schools for people of its own race. One of the girls of the party, Makhana Manye, speaks and writes in five languages.

THE *Woman's Journal* is authority for the statement that Rev. Florence Kollock, of the Universalist church of Englewood has never been absent a single Sunday from her pulpit, on account of sickness, during a term of pastoral work of sixteen years, and adds that "this is a record few ministers, either men or women could parallel." We learn from the daily press that Miss Kollock has recently resigned her present charge, the resignation to take effect next February. She will go abroad for a year.

DR. TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, makes a remarkable statement when he says that the average salary of ministers in the United States is under $400 a year. If this is true we agree with him that the charge of failing courage and efficiency in the pulpit may more properly be ascribed to lack of physical nourishment than to causes of a different order. Dr. Talmage is a subscriber to the theory that fish is good brain food, ascribing the power of the apostles to the fact that fish was a prime article of diet along the shores of Galilee, and unbolted flour another.

"THE Boyle Lectures" were so called from Robert Boyle, who bequeathed an annual salary to be paid to some clergyman for preaching eight sermons in a year, in order "to prove the truth of the Christian religion against Atheists, Deists, Pagans, Jews and Mohammedans, not descending to any controversies among Christians themselves." The first person selected to preach the "Boyle Lectures" was the celebrated Richard Bently (1691), who directed his arguments against atheism. In 1739 three volumes of the lectures were published, and nearly sixty volumes since then.

THE excavations conducted at Eretria, in Eubœa, under the directions of the American school at Athens, have been very successful. The theater has been opened and throws considerable light on the construction of the stage. Before the stage building is a low, narrow platform, with an arch through the middle. We have opened a large number of tombs in what appears to be a city of tombs. Of these the finest show elegant marble architecture. The only epitaph mentions a "daughter of Aristotle." Dr. Waldenstein, the permanent director of the American school, distinctly disclaims the identification of this as the tomb of the philosopher Aristotle. Much gold has been found in the tombs, including six diadems, an immense wreath of wrought gold, a seal ring and ear-rings in the form of doves, set with jewels. Nothing finer in the way of ancient jewelry has ever been discovered. Besides these may be mentioned white lekythoi, or vases for unguents. The walls excavated show New Eretria was founded upon Old Eretria.

Contributed and Selected.

To Alice Williams Brotherton.*

Greeting! to thee, sweet singer, of the name
Associate with love, truth, and honor's fame,
From hoar antiquity and age remote
Handed adown in generations' rote
And proudly borne by son of king and queen†
And learned great, and knights and dames serene!
Transfused through these the ancient blood still pours
In vigor on, in ceaseless rhythm tours,
To fructify brave, manly forms, endow
The brain with fruitful fires that ever glow
With wisdom, knowledge, and fair virtue's grace;
Finding a late expression in thy beauteous face,
And through thy pen, uplifting human kind
To greater, broader heights, pure joys to find.
Greeting! to thee, fair lady, comes from him
Who likewise bears thy name, however dim;
From him who late has come from England's shores
To seek and find a home within thy nation's doors.
Wearied and heartsore, tired, perplexed, and sad,
The music of thy verse hath made him glad,
And strengthened him in toils and labors great,
Helping him on, for fuller times to wait.
Oft have the hopeful, sweet, and silver chimes,
Contained within the radius of thy lines,
Refreshed his fainting heart, his spirit stirred
To greater effort, nobler action spurred.
Emblem of eloquence, whose music sweet
Wins the whole heart by its enchanting spells,—
With what fair type shall I my namesake greet?
What image shall portray the soul that dwells
Within thy form? An angel from the skies?
The older siren sang but to deceive,—
To lure mankind to death her voice was given;
But thine, sweet cousin, thy bright words enweave
Immortal truths that guide to God and Heaven.

JOHN BROTHERTON.

Plymouth, Mass., June 7th, 1891.

*Owing to an editorial slip a poem by this the same writer, which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago, was wrongly inscribed to Mrs. Brotherton.

†Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, son of Edward I. and Queen Margaret, who was the daughter of Philip II. of France, born at the then ancient town of Brotherton in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1300.

The Involuntary Expression of Character.

There is a statement of Emerson's that character involuntarily expresses itself. His own words are these: "Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits a breath every moment." A profound truth lies in these words, for there is a certain radiation of personality that is unavoidable. There is an exhalation of character that is as inseparable from the life as is the perfume from the flower.

Nor is it difficult to see what forms this involuntary expression of character. Every act is a revelation: The look of the face; the glance of the eye; the dress and deportment; all these, so far as they are spontaneous and intelligent, involuntarily express traits of character. The train-boy is wise enough to note that "the apparel doth oft proclaim the man." Has the passenger the air of a lawyer? Then from a pile of books reaching from elbow to chin comes "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Does the man wear a wide-brimmed hat and a French beard? If so, "Mr. Potter, of Texas," is the prescription. If the coat is long and black, the necktie white, the face smooth, the boy will run to the end of the train for "John Ward, Preacher." Little does the passenger dream that by some involuntary expression his occupation and character have been suggested or revealed. Shakespeare teaches that character, like murder, will out, when in "Troilus and Cressida" he makes Ulysses say of Cressida:

> "Fie, fie upon her!
> There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body."

What tell-tales we are! A little word dropped, a mere Shibboleth or Sibboleth, a slight sneer escaped, or an illuming of the countenance, a sympathetic glance, a twinkle in the eye, an unconscious blush—how plainly do these straws show from what quarter the wind blows! Goethe says that the world accepts every man for what he gives himself out to be. The statement startles, but it is true; for the expressions whereby we involuntarily announce ourselves are legion. The sum of these expressions is the true reflection of the character. This was Lavater's meaning when he called actions, looks, words, steps, the alphabet whereby one may spell characters.

The value of the involuntary expression of character arises from the fact that it is the innermost self that is thereby revealed. Our truest picture is that taken when we know it not. So it is the genuine character that is disclosed by these inadvertent expressions. The real nature then asserts itself. We tell the truth in our dreams. Herein is the importance of the involuntary expression. It tells no lies and makes no blunders. The scent of the rose is not less unmistakable. It is upon the principle that the involuntary actions, looks and words form the truest indicator of character, that the detective proceeds. What one does when unwatched and unrestrained, one's private conduct, these are what the detective prizes. The shrewd lawyer recognizes the same principle when he values indirect evidence more than direct testimony. The value of cross-examination is that it elicits many statements and concessions which are the more trustworthy because inadvertent. A recent instance illustrating this is a critical examination of the third gospel. This book professes to be written by Luke, a physician. The claim is confirmed by the fact that the book betrays the use of those words and phrases, and shows that attention to medical details peculiar to the physician. The value of the evidence lies in the fact that this expression of the author's personality is involuntary.

Many biographies enforce the truth that the man is best seen, not by his public deeds, but by his private letters and unguarded remarks. Luther could have written no autobiography so faithful as his own "Table Talk."

The personality of Dickens is nowhere so manifest as in his own private correspondence. "So," says the critic, "If one would know the man, not his works, here is the opportunity." What is the charm of Boswell's Johnson, if it is not that it lets the reader see the man without his wig?

Further tribute is paid to the value of the involuntary expression of character in the contempt with which the hypocrite is regarded. Like Janus, the hypocrite is double-faced. By his public conduct he professes one thing, while his private life involuntarily indicates another. The world pays tribute to the involuntary expression by accepting it as the more truthful indicator of the man's inner character. An historical illustration of this occurs in the recorded conduct of Simon Peter, who swore that he had not been with Jesus; but in the heat of his cursing was betrayed by his Galilean accent.

Though the involuntary expression of character is, by its own terms, beyond our control, yet it may be indirectly guided. It is inevitable that the steamer shall leave a wake behind her, but whether her track shall be crooked or straight depends upon the course the pilot chooses. Character can not escape expression; but it is quite in one's power to choose what character shall thus involuntarily express itself. The remedy is, to be what we would seem. In vain shall we adjust appearances. Jacob remains unchanged though covered with Esau's skins. Self-culture is the corrective. It will not avail to anoint the character with moral perfumes. If we would have the life exhale fragrance, we must live among the roses.

ULYSSES G. B. PIERCE.

Decorah, Iowa.

In Memoriam.

Dr. Carl Hermann Horsch has passed from our midst. He needs no eulogy from any one, but I desire to give him this last tribute. His was one of the noblest of souls, he always gave himself for others. His only question was, what is my duty to my fellow-man; and at whatever cost of suffering to himself, he faithfully performed it. He lived among us thirty-six years, openly, fearlessly, acting himself before the world. He never concealed his convictions on any subject. Having thoughtfully come to his conclusions, he held them firmly and openly. Whatever he thought right to do, he did, whether others praised or blamed.

The world is better for his having lived in it. His whole influence was for good; no one ever came in contact with him but went away the better for the intercourse. His mind never occupied itself with trivial subjects; his thoughts were always, what can I do to benefit Humanity? It was my privilege, as an intimate friend, to be much with him, and to share his innermost life. Never did we meet but that his mind turned to the higher, holier questions of life. When parted by distance, his letters always breathed the same high aspirations. He never allowed any one to speak harshly of another in his presence. He always imputed the best motives to every one, and if deceived, was ready to forgive and trust again. Truth with him was sacred, the least deception was hateful, and his word given, or implied, was never broken.

Dr. Horsch's religious views were of the loftiest character. He did not believe in churches or creeds, considering them simply as the primary schools for the childhood of Humanity, which must at some future time be done away with. He gave up the name of Christian, and refused to be so called. To him that name meant a limitation, which he could not endure. He did not believe in Christianity as the all-good, the one true religion. To him Religion itself was above and beyond Christianity. His great heart could not rest satisfied with anything less than one wide, all-embracing religion, in which all believers in every faith could equally share. He could accept nothing on the authority of Bible or Church. To him, religion was the natural outgrowth of human life. He believed that the spiritual nature of man is as much a God-given part of him, as his natural body, and that every noble deed is as much inspired of God to-day as ever in the past. I quote his own words:

"I cannot accept the idea that Christianity, or any other form of religion, contains all which that beautiful, all-embracing word means."

"True religion must provide equal shares for all."

"I find in religion the concentration of the best thoughts and actions of the human soul and body."

"I sincerely believe in an impartial Creator and Ruler of all, who has given all he has for each and all, for the existence and subsistence of his creation."

He did not believe in prayer. In frequent conversations on this subject he said, "I believe in an all-wise, all-just Creator, one who knows my needs, and will supply them better than I can ask. My endeavor is to do my duty at all times, and doing that duty is my prayer."

To show his deep spiritual nature, I give a few extracts from his writings:

"'Nearer my God to Thee,' ought to be applied to this life, by believing that under all circumstances of life God is always near us, and that we can come nearer to Him by rightly using our reason received from Him, and obeying his laws, and believing firmly that He is our Father who loves us."

"It is futile to say that God favors or punishes us. He has given his creation the best he possesses; otherwise he could not be our Creator, endowed with wisdom and love."

In regard to his departure from this world, which has been so cruelly and widely published, I will say a few words. His was an exquisitely sensitive nature, both for pleasure and pain. None, but a few of his most intimate friends, have the faintest idea of the intense suffering of his last few days. In a moment of mortal agony his strong will and reason gave way, and he freed himself from pain. To prove that he would never have voluntarily left this world, I will quote his own words to me, less than three months ago, while speaking of a similar act: "Never, under any circumstances whatever in which I could be placed, would I take my own life. I am here in this world to fulfill a duty, which ends only when my Creator wills, and I have no right to go and leave any part of that duty undone." At another time he said, "I consider such an act sufficient evidence of temporary insanity."

Our dear friend has gone from our sight to a happier home, to a world, as he always hoped, of renewed activity and progress; but the influence of his pure, noble life will always remain a power for good in the hearts of the many who love him. I can say of him, what he once wrote me of R. W. Emerson: "He has left so much in this sphere, that it appears as if the greater part of him remains with us."

JAMES W. BARTLETT.

Dover, N. H.

Correspondence.

EDITOR UNITY:—In your excellent notice of Mrs. Orr's Life of Robert Browning, Oct. 15, you very justly say that: "This work of Mrs. Orr will be none the less welcome to the lovers of Mrs. Browning than to those of Robert Browning. The woman poet weaves her way through the narrative with the same exquisite delicacy of being that has characterized her in her poetry, and in the public estimate of her."

May I add a thought to the above? Is it not a fact that "the song he (or she) never *wrote*"—but *lived* rather—is more beautiful and impressive than any poem of theirs? And is it not a fact, also, that the real history of these two lives, merged into one so completely, accounts for, and gives the essential emphasis to, the "message" of the Brownings? In any event, drop out of Robert Browning's poetry that element, so subtle and all pervading, derived from his wife, and the *soul* of it all would be gone. So, at any rate, it seems to

Yours sincerely,

C. T. STOCKWELL.

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Fidelity in the Creator is the Security of the Creature.

REV. THOMAS R. SLICER.

Let them also that suffer according to the will of God commit their souls in well-doing unto a faithful Creator.—*I. Peter iv: 19.*

The ever recurring problem in human life is:—How can God be good, and man be so often the child of affliction, and yet a child of the good God? Ought the sons of God to be the sons of sorrow? No man gets very far in the study of vital questions before encountering this difficulty. It constantly recurs, and for two reasons: 1. Each man's sorrow seems different to him from the sorrows of all other men. He says: "Is it nothing to you that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow?"

This is not necessarily selfishness; it is the imperial tyranny of a personal affliction. Each man's trouble seems like a new breaking down of life's securities, a new incursion of ruin into human life. The problem thus forces itself upon men anew by direct assault. But a second and the broader reason for the recurrence of this problem of God's goodness and man's woe, is that no solution has ever been found. A man may circumnavigate the globe and yet, from whatever point he stands and looks at it, it is a flat surface running off to a precipice. Whatever hypothesis may be assumed to account for evil in the world the fact is larger than the theory; the serpent can not be forced back into its egg; Pandora's box lies hopelessly open; the winged-mischiefs can not be again shut in.

Perhaps herein lies the discipline of life in part,—to find the value of life's unknown quantities in terms of known suffering—sure, meanwhile, that both are but symbols of a science larger than all its symbols put together. Astronomy takes account of more worlds than one, and an earthquake on our planet may be only a sob of the great Universal Life—a heart-beat registering itself in pain upon an unstrung nerve. The Creator is a larger fact than all his creation. The fidelity of the Creator is the security of his creatures; therefore says Simon, who had fallen under the blow of a quick doubt: "Let them also, that suffer according to the will of God, commit their souls in well-doing unto a faithful Creator!"

But in order to accord truth to this utterance of a man, who knew what trouble was, let us examine the premises on which he argues trust, confidence and well-doing: "Let them also that suffer according to the will of God." We must, indeed, first settle the question,—When can a man be said to "suffer according to the will of God"?

1. When he has not procured his own suffering by his own sin. He has at least this negative satisfaction that his death is not by suicide. He is not maimed by his own treachery, like the Servian soldier, whose mutilated index finger points the path of cowardice to a traitor's grave. He can take at least this comfort, that he has not seen the hope of his earlier days wither in the hot hands of passion or in the sterile soil of selfishness, or cast away by the cruelty which drains its own life by a thrust made at another's joy. None of the bitterness belongs to him, which comes to the man who might have been almost anything, but who by deliberate choice is nothing. He suffers thus far according to the will of God in that he does not suffer by his own will, nor for want of it.

It may be said this is not much comfort. But it seems to me, at least, a very great mitigation of sorrow to feel that the sorrow is *fallen on you*, not *procured by* you. The tears which fall over an undeserved grief are less bitter than the pain, too deep for tears, which looks upon wrong-doing, which can never be made well-doing while human life lasts. There is no incurable grief but that which is joined to an incurable sin. Sorrow lasts as long as sin lasts. This is the only basis for the doctrine of eternal torment. When, therefore, a man stands in the midst of trouble and sees in it no trace of his own hands, in other words, suffers without having procured his own suffering, he can so far say that he suffers according to the will of God. The cliff is worn away by the sea, it can not escape; it is thereby the will of God. If it were not there the sea would flood inland. The sin in the world wears upon the strong-hearted, but all others are safer who are thus sheltered from the flood.

But we may pass to higher ground in this estimate of those who "*suffer according to the will of God.*" At least we may say this more positively of those who can trace their suffering to natural causes.

Human life pays a great price to ignorance and, through manifold experiments, gets its experience. Much of what we call evil is this feeling our way through mistake to secure ground to rest on. Many a life is flung into the chasm that yawns like that in the Roman Forum, into which, according to the old legend, Curtius leaped. Many a man has had to recognize the fact that the wisdom he can teach the world, concerning the laws of life, was learned by him as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

Humanity is slowly rising to a safe plane. Its terrible disasters are less frequent; its waste of life less; its tortures less; and, I sincerely believe, its sins less; because it is passing from the reign of lawlessness to the reign of law. The law has always been; it is not newly enacted. The cause has always been sufficient for its effect. The facts of nature are not different. But with the rise of intelligence and with the increasing power of scientific insight has come a sublimer philosophy of life, acknowledging the natural causes which do the will of God at our cost. That man is not loyal to the eternal order who would have it otherwise. He is only less guilty than that religious teacher who lifts the stress of disaster from the moving wheels of natural order and places the responsibility upon the arbitrary decree of God. It may be true, as Starr King said, that "God takes no account of life and death." It would seem quite possible; because, as a man become more like God, death becomes a mere incident, which hardly interrupts our thought of life for a moment. It is like a change of key in music, the great anthem still goes forward. But instead of that cheerless summoning of necessity to the rescue, and saying that blind fate brings thus about the process of our life, let us rather think of these changes as the breaking of a string in the orchestra which is threading its way through a maze of harmonies; the music must not stop because one singing string has lost its voice. Nor can the music be blamed because such a defect or overstrain has stopped a single player—the string broke because it was not of good material, or was carelessly handled or was worn more than the player thought. Thus is it with our loss and suffering. We have not had choice of life's forces nor the material in which they work; we can not but work and there must come wearing away in time. But let not our thought of the will of God be hurt because we are hurt—that adorable Will which is present in every atom,—appearing in its motion to meet its kindred atom and appearing also in the human soul as it moves to meet its kindred soul,—this blessed Will of God is no less to be worshiped when, by reason of natural causes we pay our tribute of tears, than when by natural causes we hear the ringing coin of joy fall into the coffers of the world's delight.

Marcus Aurelius, on his throne of empire, learned this lesson and was calm, in spite of the shame which cursed his honor. Epictetus, the slave, learned this lesson and was strong, in spite of sickness and slavery. It has been well said of these two regnant souls—one reigning over a world, each king of himself—that they, Aurelius the sovereign lord and Epictetus the slave, "were milk-brothers, suckled by the same high-hearted nurse, who freed her foster-children with a freedom which bondage could not bind and bound them with bonds from which thrones could not set them free." (Dr. F. H. Hedge.)

In all ages some have made this great discovery; if the order of the universe is sure, if it be not a tragical lie but a tremendous truth that "God is faithful," then, unless I am faithless, the suffering which comes to me out of the natural causes which I serve as though they were God, is a suffering according to the will of God. Let those, then, that even thus "suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls unto a faithful Creator!"

But has life no higher order of comfort than this to offer? It *has* a higher order of comfort, because it has a higher order of suffering. It is just as true that comfort is measured by its need, as that sorrow is allied to loss. The daylight heaven is as high overhead as the heaven is, when the daylight is gone. Then let us see if men suffer more nobly. If we find they do, we will in that moment find they are comforted more gloriously.

We have thought thus far of only two aspects in which it can be said, "men suffer according to the will of God"; when they have not procured their own suffering by their own sin; and when they can trace their suffering to natural causes. But we must think of phases of life more heroic. I may be dragged under by the dead weight of the man I would save from drowning, or I may pay my share of tribute to the laws which are as true when they unbuild my joy as when they build it up. But it is left for you and me to do more than this; to rise to a higher plane, and *choose suffering because we would vindicate the Divine Righteousness.* There are those who rush upon martyrdom hoping for a martyr's crown; these are not noble, though they be self-sacrificing. There are those who, seeing with perfect clearness the choice which lies between wrong-doing with exemption from pain, and right-doing with suffering, calmly stand in their places and welcome the martyrdom which comes for righteousness' sake. Let us not suppose that this choice of righteousness, at all costs, marks any period of history to the exclusion of other periods. Such voluntary self-immolation would fill a library of volumes which will remain unwritten forever.

Some men and women have discovered, as Emerson has so finely said, that "the world is the mirror of the soul," . . . . . "the identity of the law of gravitation and purity of heart" —that "Duty is one thing with Science, with Beauty and with Love." So they make their choice, "to endure as seeing Him, who is invisible," to cast in their lot with the life of God as it builds up the world of truth and love, and to suffer with the suffering that all love must know, sooner or later, in its loyalty to truth. It seems to me a glorious thing to thus make choice of Righteousness at all costs, to suffer for devotion to right principles, to be sure of the sun after it is dark night all around us; that is at once the wisdom drawn from the experience of other days that have dawned after other nights, but it is also the wisdom which believes that our darkness is a part of God's day. "It is always morning somewhere in the world." "The darkness hideth not from thee; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee; the night shineth as the day." The boy at school, the young man in business, the young girl in society, the woman in her home, the busy man of affairs, whoever thus makes deliberate choice of pain and disappointment, of obscurity, whatever may be the terms in which suffering declares itself the price of righteousness,—such human heroes may have nothing else said of them by those who witness them crippled by their choice, but this must be said, "they suffer because they 'accord with the will of God.'" Such souls are as remote from sympathy as they are from self-pity. They have discovered that at the heart of all that is, there is a faithful heart, and that the whole creation, groan and travail in pain as it may, is working the will of a faithful Creator.

Now there arises a very practical inquiry that ought to be the result in those who "suffer according to the will of God." The text we are studying thus expresses it: Let them "commit their souls in well-doing"—trust their whole being to God's fidelity while they are doing God's work. *A man must commit his soul to well-doing, before he can commit it to God.* These two results are to be sought, *confidence and fidelity.* They are the passive and active forms of a true soul's loyalty to the Infinite One. It simply means that no experiment is here risked; like the inventor who has discovered a principle he believes to be true, who goes on testing his principle by manifold devices, in various material, at diverse times and under changed conditions, always working a little nearer to his foreseen result. Does he doubt the principle because of waste, failure or sleepless nights? Never. He is no visionary but he has seen a vision of nature's fidelity to certain trusts. And when suddenly he comes upon the combination of material, conditions and all the rest, and his device stands complete, we say he happened to hit upon the result. By no means; this is not true. Every expenditure, money, thought, time, every twinge of suffering, disappointment, privation—from the first moment he accepted the fidelity of Nature to her principles,—each and everything has gone to form this result. This well-doing has been in continued confidence. This is the attitude which in the world of suffering brings an inner, unconquerable peace. It costs something to feel that the individual must drop and make no cry, but he drops into the hands of "a faithful Creator."

"A faithful Creator!" Dwell for one moment on that phrase. Simon Peter—truant and repentant—now converted, strengthens his brethren. He seized with hands, tremulous with fear, an opportunity to escape from fidelity to his master. He denied that he knew the loyal man who was offering himself as a sacrifice to eternal truth. *He did not know him;* he only loved to be with him, and feel the magic of his affection when there was no risk. But it is written in the story of the resurrection that the damps of the grave had not yet been shaken from the locks of the risen one as the morning sun fell on his head there in Gethsemane, before he said: "Go, tell my disciples *and Peter* that I am risen from the dead!" It seems to me a parable, speaks the writer of the resurrection story in terms of faithfulness which carries the sense of love through all the oblivion we call

death. It seems as though upon this thread of tender memory hung the chance of Jesus of Nazareth finding his way out of the labyrinth of the under-world. Certain it is, that Simon understood it to be a picture, in lineaments he knew to be human, of the humanhood of God; he learned that phrase, "A faithful Creator," in the terms of a faithful human love.

Once more we come to that supreme truth: God is never outside his world. Along this path is traveling the reviving faith of men. The creed of science and the creed of pure theism are approaching a common expression: "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all and in you all!" Then, "Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit their souls in well-doing unto a faithful Creator."

"They can not be
Where He is not!"

The Study of Literature.

I know they say that if you meddle with literature you are less qualified to take your part in practical affairs. You run a risk of being labeled a dreamer and a theorist. But after all, if we take the very highest form of all practical energy—the governing of the country—all this talk is ludicrously untrue. I venture to say that in the present government (1887), including the prime minister, there are three men who at least are perfectly capable of earning their bread as men of letters. In the late government, besides the prime minister, there were also three men of letters, and I have never heard that those three were greater simpletons than their neighbors. There is a commission now at work on that very important and abstruse subject—the currency. I am told that no one there displays so acute an intelligence of the difficulties that are to be met, and so ready an apprehension of the important arguments that are to be brought forward, and the practical ends to be achieved, as the chairman of the commission, (Mr. Arthur Balfour) who is not what is called a practical man, but a man of study, and literature, theoretical speculation, university training. Oh no, gentlemen, some of the best men of business in the country are men who have had the best collegian's equipment, and are the most accomplished bookmen.—*John Morley*.

THERE is so much more good than there is evil in life; there are so many predominating better impulses over the worse in almost every human being, that sometimes the idea of endeavoring to understand and recognize these truths presents itself, with peculiar vividness, as the most important thing to do. One will find that the servant who seemed stupid and sullen and disobliging, was, instead, honestly bewildered and incapable, rather than unwilling, to accomplish his task; that the boy who seemed obstinately bent on doing wrong rather than right, was viewing matters from a wrong point of view, that afforded him only a distorted vision; that the neighbor whom one had mentally classified as cold and unresponsive, was, instead, only shy, and not gifted by Nature with a flow of ready wit. At least nine times out of ten, in every relation and every circumstance of life, the act or the manner that seemed subject for reproach will, if truly understood, assume a very different appearance. —*Boston Budget*.

An earnest purpose finds time or makes it.—*Channing*.

A COWARD can be a hero at a distance; it is presence of danger that tests presence of mind.—*Selected*.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Russian Traits and Terrors. By E. B. Lanin. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. Paper, 35 cts.

This is a very remarkable book. We have had sufficiently realistic and discouraging pictures of Russian life presented to us before in the works of the novelists, and in records of travel like those of George Kennan; but we do not recall anything that is of the hopeless, even bitter tone of this narrative. It bears the sad title, "A Faithful Picture of Russian Life of To-Day," but we can not but believe that the writer's growing fancy has carried him too far. He treats of his subject under the following titles to eight chapters: Lying, Fatalism, Sloth, Dishonesty, Russian Prisons, Sexual Morality, The Jews in Russia, Russian Finance; The Racking of the Peasantry, and The Russian Censure. Swinburne's Ode to Russia is also reprinted, and forms part of the contents, its merciless, almost savage invective forming the key-note of the book. The worth of the work, as dispassionate criticism and a philosophical digest of the subject is lessened when we learn that "the author's name is but the collective signature of several writers in the *Fortnightly Review*." A variety of testimony is useful, but not until it has been melted in the crucible of a single, candid judgment. The condition and outlook of the Czar's subjects are sufficiently discouraging under any circumstances, but heart and judgment alike revolt against many of the conclusions laid down in this book of miscellaneous, though undoubtedly high authorship. We can not believe that all Russians are liars, that "there is scarcely a human being in all Russia who has it in his power to consistently shape his living and working in accordance with the elementary principles of morality," though the conditions may be more disheartening than we can well realize.

What the writer of the essay on the relations of the sexes has to say of sexual morality is undoubtedly very near the truth, still here too we can not but feel the picture is painted in too dark colors. However, exaggeration has its use as a moral remedy and incentive to improvement, and this work is well worth reading for the new interest it can not but arouse in one of the darkest social problems of the age.

A Wedding Trip. By Emilia Pardo Bazan. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

This is one of the most popular works of a comparatively new writer, who is rising rapidly in the esteem of the English reading public. Senoretta Bazán was born in 1852, in Corunna, and is descended on both sides from Galician nobility, whatever that may stand for. She was educated at a French boarding school in Madrid, and during the revolutionary period of 1868, traveled a good deal with her father. Her portrait, as we have it in a common wood-cut from one of the daily press shows a face, animated, sensitive and intelligent. A woman-writer is an anomaly in a country like Spain, but a woman-writer who, instead of producing romances of the order inspired by the conventional idea of the Spanish type of civilization, chooses rather to present us with simple natural pictures of life as it is, in that country of mingled sentiment and ignorance is a still greater marvel. Mme. Bazán has been likened to George Eliot for the plain truthfulness of her descriptions, and for her realistic touch in the portrayal and development of her characters. "A Wedding Trip" is the story of a *mariage de convenance*, of a young, innocent, but aspiring nature on the wife's side; polished vulgarity and selfishness on the other. The characters are very life-like, the narrative proceeds with the rapidity and brilliancy almost of a drama, the end is one the situation points to as inevitable; sad, but hopeful also in the sign of growth and devotion to noble ideals which it reveals.

Who was Jehovah? By John Page Hopps, London: Williams & Norgate, Henrietta St., Covent Gardens.

Our author quotes with approval Dr. Momerie's concise comment on the phrase "The God of the Bible." "Which God?" bluntly asked the doctor, "there are so many of them." "In the Bible," says Mr. Hopps, "words and actions are attributed to God which belong to absolutely opposite moral and spiritual spheres. In one place you have a God, merciful and just; in another, a God savage and arbitrary. Here, he is benevolent, there, brutal. "There are," he adds, two explanations:—"either that the name 'Jehovah' was a symbol, standing for an ideal Deity, reflecting, from time to time, the thoughts and feelings of his worshipers, or that the name was applied to a number of unseen beings of varying grades who, at different times, got control of the Hebrew mediums, also of varying grades—with results everywhere discoverable in the Bible." To our extreme surprise, Mr. Hopps indorses the second theory. As a clear and conclusive exposition of the truth that we have in different portions of the Bible very different conceptions of Deity, this booklet is admirable. As an explanation of this very simple and natural phenomenon, it is one of those vagaries that now and then manage to get fathered by men of manifest scholarship. Whatever hand disembodied spirits have taken in the evolution of human thought, the evidence is altogether insufficient to enable us to hold them responsible for all the strange gods that have been worshiped by men still in the flesh.

Theodoric the Goth. By Thomas Hodgkin, D. C. L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is one of the series before noticed in these columns, "The Heroes of the Nations." Theodoric is well styled in the sub-title, "The barbarian champion of civilization." The writer is the author of a larger work, "Italy and her Invaders," and comes well prepared to his task. He is an enthusiastic believer in Italy, and the possibilities of that fair but unfortunate land. The Ostrogothic kingdom was, he thinks, one of the early prophecies of a free and united country, "one of the great might-have-beens of history." The work is illustrated with reprints of works of art found largely in Ravenna. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the Theodoric statue at Innsbruck, which has no value as a portrait, "but is interesting as showing how deeply the memory of Theodoric's great deeds had impressed itself on the minds of the Middle Ages."

A Book o' Nine Tales. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

Nine tales and eight "interludes," the latter brief comedies of exquisite and sparkling humor: the former stories varied in scope and scene and masterly in their execution. There is soul power in this book as well as artist touch, and there is a sense of reserve force that leads us to look for something greater when we hear from the author again.

Periodicals.

ANOTHER number of that scholarly and progressive periodical, the *International Journal of Ethics* is before us, with a table of contents of the same high character as usual. Professor Leopold Smith, of the University of Marburg opens the number with an essay on "The Unity of the Ethics of Ancient Greece;" The editor-in-chief, Felix Adler, writes on "The Problem of Unsectarian Moral Instruction;" Rev. Hastings Rashdall writes on "The Theory of Punishment;" Professor Adams, of Michigan University has a paper entitled, "An Interpretation of the Social Movements of our Time;" Dr. Ferdinand Tonnies, of the University of Kiel, writes on "The Prevention of Crime." Professor Arthur Fairbanks, of Dartmouth, has an article on "The Ethical Teaching of Sophocles," and Professor J. Ploller, of Zurich, one on "The Right of Private Property in Land." The number closes with the Department of Discussions in which subjects of current interest are passed in review, especially the Summer School of Applied Ethics. There are a number of reviews of books bearing on matters in the line of thought represented by the *Journal*.

THE most interesting article in the October *Atlantic* is the sketch of Emily Dickinson, by Col. T. W. Higginson and her accompanying letters to himself, as literary Mentor. We have spoken of these at length already. Frank R. Stockton's serial, "The House of Martha" is completed in the author's own delightful vein. "The Ascetic Ideal, St. Jerome," is an essay of double authorship, such as has appeared before in these columns, by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge. H. F. Randolph writes of the great English satirist and melancholy genius, under the title, "In London with Doctor Swift." David Dodge contributes an article on "The Cave Dwellers of the Confederacy." Henry Stone writes of General Thomas. Martin J. Griffin has a valuable and timely paper on the late "Sir John McDonald." Mrs. Catherwood gives us another installment of her deeply interesting story, "The Lady of Fort St. John." The important poetical contribution is a tribute to the memory of Lowell, by Dr. Holmes. Charles G. D. Roberts and Miss Thomas also have poems in this number.

THE *Arena* for October contains a portrait of Lowell as frontispiece, taken from the last photograph of the poet. There is a symposium on "Healing Through the Mind"; Hamlin Garland writes a paper on Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne, dealing especially with the drama, "Margaret Fleming," which has excited so much discussion in Boston circles. Theodore Stanton discusses "Some Weak Spots in the French Republic"; Moncure Conway writes on "Mme. Blavatsky"; Thaddeus Wakeman has something to say on "Nationalism"; H. C. Bradley writes on "Leaderless Mobs." The story of this number is from the pen of Will Allen Drumgoole, "A Grain of Gold." It deals with the convict lease system. The paper accompanying the Lowell portrait is by George Stewart, who wrote on Dr. Holmes in the July number.

University Extension appears, in the third number for October. "University Extension in the South," "The Influence of University Extension upon the Universities." "The Unit Course," and the "Oxford Annual Report," make up the table of contents. The usual department of Notes follows. This periodical keeps up its interest well, and adheres closely to its original plan. Published in Philadelphia; yearly subscription, $3.00, single numbers, 25 cts.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Prince Dusty. By Kirk Munroe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 300. Price, $1.25.

The Squirrel Inn. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo. pp. 222. Price, $1.25.

What is Reality. By Frances Howe Johnson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 506. Price, $2.00.

Elsie Venner, The Guardian Angel. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo. Price, $1.50.

The Divine Comedy. Trans. by Charles Eliot Norton. I. Hill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 193. Price, $1.25.

The Superior
remedy
for all diseases
originating in
impure blood;
the
MEDICINE
which
may always
be relied upon
to give the best
satisfaction,
is
AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
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What Can Ethics
DO FOR US?

An address given before the Philosophical Club of Harvard University, Sanders Theatre, March 27, 1890, by **William Mackintire Salter.**

A Tacoma lawyer writes the author: "I have this moment finished reading your address, and I can not restrain the impulse to write to you and say that I have been greatly lifted up in spirit and strengthened by it. While I have been for years upborne by the same spirit which animates your speech, yet so stern, nay, heart-breaking, has been my outward environment that at times I am submerged in gloom and despondency, and need to hear the trumpet call to inspirit me. Your voice sounded in my ear at a time when I was very weak and weary, and new life has been imparted to me, for which I thank you."

Mr. Blake, one of the editors of UNITY, writes of the same address: "I have read it with admiration and gratitude. Hardly I need say, yet, for my own joy, I will say that I agree with every syllable of it. It inspires and lifts me by a peculiar and heavenly power in it. I never have read a loftier piece, of its length, in any language or literature, nor do I see how any of any length could be nobler except by the reiterations and climbings of strength on strength which come by the fact of length."

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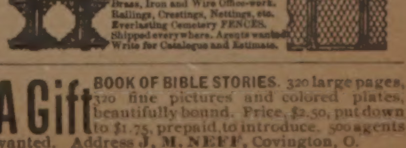

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Notes from the Field.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—The sixteenth annual session of the Michigan Unitarian Conference was held in Grand Rapids, October 20, 21 and 22. Temple Emanuel, the Jewish Synagogue, where Unity Church worships, afforded a convenient and pleasant place of meeting. The attendance was large, Grand Haven sending fourteen delegates, Kalamazoo sending eleven, and nearly all the churches having some representation. The opening sermon by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, on "The Unitarian Mission," drew a crowded house, notwithstanding the greatest political meeting of the campaign stood in rivalry. The sermon was a vivid and winning statement and appeal, which was doubtless partly responsible for the generous collection, (more than $100) taken at the close for the forwarding of the "Unitarian Mission" in the state. Later, the conference determined to increase this sum to $500, and has already set about it with determination.

The conference was treated to some especially good addresses, among which were a paper by the Rev. Charles Fluhrer, of the Universalist church, Grand Rapids, on "Comparative Religion," one by the Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, Ohio, on "The Bible of To-day," and one by Rev. Daniel Rowen, of Detroit, on "A Way out of Agnosticism." The "way" pointed by Mr. Rowen was not the metaphysical way open to few, but the ethical way open to all,—"they who do the will of God shall know the doctrine." The paper was a remarkable one, remarkable in its insight into and sympathy with the unwilling doubter, and in its clear pointing to that surest of all sources of faith in God and immortality, the godly life which lays hold of immortal things.

The discussion was opened by a brilliant paper from Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, who dwelt almost entirely upon the philosophical aspects of agnosticism, and with masterly strokes showed some of the inconsistencies of "unknowability," and expressed the opinion that much of the agnosticism of to-day was not a "confession of ignorance," but a boast of the superficial and the intellectually lazy, who adopt without understanding it a phrase like "the unknowable," to excuse them from grappling with the greatest problems. There are doubtless a sufficient number of the other kind of agnostics for whom Mr. Rowen's way was pointed, to have warranted some discussion of *this* way. However, the tide having set towards philosophy, several brilliant speeches followed in this line, and then Mr. Rowen closed the most interesting afternoon by recalling us to the great common human experiences which come to a soul wed to duty, by which God is revealed, philosophy notwithstanding.

Another most interesting paper was by Mr. L. T. Storrs, Secretary of the State Board of Corrections and Charities, upon "The State's Children." After showing that most of the young wards of the state were cared for as well as could be, Mr. Storrs bespoke the sympathy of his audience or the large number of feeble-minded and idiotic children for whom no state provision is made outside the county poor-house. The conference expressed its feelings by unanimously passing a resolution calling upon the legislature to provide suitable homes and training for these most helpless and unfortunate of all our people.

An excellent unwritten "paper" by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor on "Mid-week Religous Meetings" led to an interesting and profitable discussion on the best ways of fostering the social religious life of the church. Rev. Mila F. Tupper, W. D. Simonds, of Battle Creek, T. B. Forbush, and others gave their testimony. The work of women in Unitarian churches was well spoken for by Mrs. Judith W. Andrews, President of the Woman's National Alliance, and the Rev. Ida C. Hultin, President of the Woman's Western Conference.

On the motion of Rev. Mila Tupper, seconded by Rev. Caroline Bartlett, the ladies' societies of the several churches in Michigan were recommended to join and co-operate with both these organizations.

The two evening platform meetings were full of interest, and drew large houses. The first was a symposium upon "The Religious Needs of To-day." Ten minute addresses were given by representatives of the Independent, Universalist, Baptist, Swedenborgian, Christian, Jewish, Methodist, Congregational, and Unitarian churches, and the Salvation Army (closing with a generous collection for the Rescue Home of the Salvation Army.) From the speeches of the evening no one would have suspected that there was any fundamental difference between the sects; and when the Methodist brother said: "I don't care whether a man is Unitarian or Trinitarian so he is an honest man," he epitomized most of the remarks of the evening. If these pastors carry as much breadth and charity into their own pulpits, the emancipation of Grand Rapids from religious bigotry ought not to be far off.

The last meeting had for its theme "The Mission of the Modern Church." It was divided into two topics as follows: Theological, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Boston; Educational, Rev. Ida C. Hutlin, Moline, Ill.; Ethical, Rev. Charles Fitch, People's Church, Kendallville, Ind.; Social, Rev. H. T. Root, Grand Haven; Religious, Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago. These closed a thoroughly helpful and harmonious conference which it is believed will give impetus to the work of the year.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—C. S. Udell, Grand Rapids.

First Vice-president—E. E. Brownson, Kalamazoo.

Second Vice-president—Mrs. Thomas Mumford, Detroit.

Secretary—Rev. L. R. Daniels, Big Rapids.

Treasurer—George Stickney, Grand Haven.

Missionary Committee:

Rev. L. R. Daniels, *ex-officio*.

Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor.

The Post Office Mission Committee was enlarged by appointing one member from each society in the state, with Mrs. C. S. Udell, of Grand Rapids, as chairman.

Humboldt, Iowa.—The Fall Conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and other Independent churches will be held at Humboldt, November 3, 4, 5. Mrs. Emma White Shelenberger will give the address of welcome, and Rev. A. M. Judy the response. The conference sermon will be given by Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul. Rev. S. S. Hunting, Rev. M. A. Safford, Mr. E. A. Parks (Perry), Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Rev. T. B. Forbush, Rev. J. Ll. Jones, Rev. W. A. Pratt, Rev. H. M. Simmons, Rev. C. J. Staples, Rev. S. M. Sample, Rev. Leon A. Harvey and Rev. E. E. Gordon, are announced to be present and take part in the exercises of the conference. The new parsonage is to be dedicated with appropriate services conducted by Rev. J. Ll. Jones of Chicago. To all who shall attend the conference, the members of the Unitarian church of Humboldt cordially offer the hospitality of their homes. Their hospitality is extended not alone to the representatives of churches, but also to all Post Office Mission correspondents or other isolated Liberals, who are not only cordially invited, but especially urged to be present. The conference needs them, and it can help them. It aims to gather liberal and earnest people together for a hearty and untrammeled expression of opinion, and it will gladly welcome them as listeners and speakers whatever be the ecclesiastical name they bear or reject. If enough delegates should be present, with certificates in hand of full fare paid to the meeting, reduced rates can be secured from the railroads. All delegates and visitors are requested to write as early as possible to Mrs. G. L. Tremain.

Chicago.—The members of the Novel Section of Unity Club, All Souls, are now engaged in the study of a variety of such subjects in Egyptology, as naturally cluster around George Eber's novel "Uarda," and it has been proposed for the purpose of an object lesson in Egyptology, an exhibition of Egyptian relics, curios, pictures and photographic views take place at the church at eight o'clock P. M., on Nov. 30th. Egyptian relics, curios, and even pictures and views are *rare* in the United States in general and *still rarer* in the new city of Chicago; therefore to make the proposed exhibition interesting and worthy, the kindly co-operation of all friends, who can, will be urgently needed, together with *information of the whereabouts of any antique or modern Egyptian relics, curios*, pictures or views of which they may know or hear. Such information will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the undersigned and *accepted as confidential*; and all the labor and responsibility of securing the articles and returning them safely and free of expense to the owners, will be undertaken by the undersigned, without the least trouble to those who have kindly contributed the needful information.

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Married.—Henry T. Secrist, minister of the Unitarian church, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Anna B. Cranston, of Milford Centre, Ohio, were married at Milford Centre, on Tuesday, October 20. Mr. and Mrs. Secrist called at the Western Unitarian Headquarters on Saturday on their way through Chicago. UNITY extends to them cordial greeting and congratulation.

Moline, Ill.—Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines, Iowa, has accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit of the Unitarian church, of Moline, Ill., the remaining months of the year. Miss Hultin will also make monthly missionary visits to Sherwood, Mich., and give some time to looking after the interests of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference, of which she is the president.

Shelbyville, Ill.—"Our Best Words Weekly," with supplement for September 19, is a sixteen page illustrated edition of 5,000 copies, giving views of Shelbyville and of the principal buildings and leading citizens of the town and county, with personal sketches and interesting descriptive articles. "The object of this edition," says the editor, "is to give something of a fair picture of Shelby county—a picture not only of the county's material resources and natural advantages, but of its social, domestic, industrial, commercial, political, educational and religious life." It is a fine exhibit of the growth of Shelby county and of the energy and enterprise of J. L. Douthit & Son, editors and publishers. Send to the editors, 10 cents for single copies; 5 cents each for 20 or more copies.

Chattanooga.—The ladies of All Souls Church, will hold a Christmas sale the second week in December, in their new church building. Contributions from interested friends West will be gratefully received. Address, Mrs. E. D. Towle, All Souls Church, 514 Houston St.

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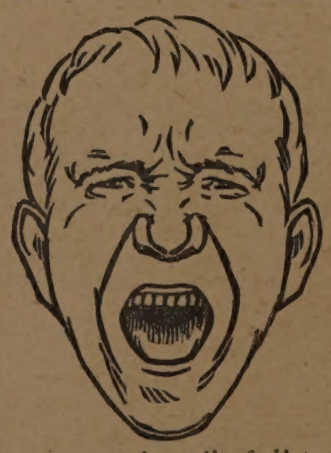

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Wed.—Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

Thurs.—When the sea was calm, all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating.

Fri.—They say best men are moulded out of faults.

Sat.—I commit you to the tuition of God.

—*Shakspeare.*

How the Leaves Come Down.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down,
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf;
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day,
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way;
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the Spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the big Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed!" he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled,
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night!" and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."

—*Susan Coolidge.*

A Dessert Plate Speaks.

Some hundred and fifty years ago the Staffordshire potteries in England only turned out poor, coarse stuff, and very little of any kind in comparison with what they turn out nowadays. The Staffordshire potters are a great army now, encamped over nearly fifty square miles; and besides making all that she wants for herself, England sends abroad a good deal more than a million pounds' worth of crockery every year.

Just a hundred and fifty years ago a Burslem potter was coming up to London, on horseback, of course, instead of by the North Staffordshire and Midland Railways. At Dunstable he noticed that his horse had bad eyes, and asked the hostler of the inn at which he was stopping to tell him what he had better do to them. The hostler burnt and crushed a bit of flint to powder, which he blew into the horse's eyes. I don't know whether it did them any good, but the Burslem potter, whose name was Astbury, noticed how snowy white it was, and made up his mind to put burnt flint into his pottery when he got back to Burslem; and so he did, and made his pottery ever so much better. Ten years after the burnt flint was blown into Mr. Astbury's horse's eyes, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood was born at Burslem. You have been told, I suppose, about Mr. Wedgwood—the greatest potter England ever had—by Miss Meteyard, whose "silver pen," as Douglas Jerrold justly called it, wrote "Tibby's Tea Things" and other interesting papers. Well, this Mr. Wedgwood made use of a discovery that Mr. Cookworthy had made—he was a worthy cook of clay—to-wit, that first-rate china-clay can be got in Cornwall; and Mr. Wedgwood got a great artist of the name of Flaxman to help him in making his ware beautiful, and after Mr. Wedgwood came Mr. Minton and Mr. Copeland.

My earliest recollection is of a great tub in which a splashed, pale-faced man, in a flannel coat and an apron, was stirring up the milky clay, granite, etc., out of which "china slip" is made. Then I was strained through fine sieves called "lawns," and then I had to run past magnets, waiting to drag every bit of iron out of me, into a hot, shallow tank lined with plaster of Paris. The plaster and the hot flues that run along the walls soon turned me from cream into hasty pudding, and then into putty. Afterwards I was handed over to a man called a "flat presser," who clapped me down on a plaster mould upon a disk with a vertical axle. A boy called a "jigger boy," made the disk spin round by turning a handle, whilst the man pressed me flat with his hands and tools. Then, so to speak, he cut my hair—sliced off the stuff that overlapped the mould—and then I was a plate so far as shape went. But you could have doubled me up then like a crush hat. So I was put into a hot, dark room with ever so many more plates. A man took charge of us and put us on shelves and turned us over often until we were dry. Next a number of us were piled up in a saggar with clay cockspurs, needles, triangles, etc., between, to keep us from sticking to one another. A saggar is a great, coarse earthen vessel like a hollow cheese. When the saggar had been made air-tight with clay, it and ever so many more were put into a kiln—piled up in great columns—and then the fires were lighted, and a nice baking we got for nearly two days and nights. When we were taken out we were called biscuit, and the common plates had patterns printed on them before they were glazed, but we china plates had to be glazed before we could be printed. A man who looked half-poisoned with lead, swished me about in a tub of stuff, and then I was put into the furnace again. When I came out I had a glassy gloss on me and was handed over to a long-haired young fellow in a blouse, who had a mug full of beautiful flowers before him. He painted them on me, and I was once more sent back to the furnace, although I was getting tired of the fire by that time, I assure you. But after I came out my colors were delicately burnished by a young woman who handled me most daintily, and then I and my sisters were put into a beautiful show-room, where we met the best of company—Parian, porcelain and majolica. Our family attracted much attention and before a week was gone an old gentleman fell in love with us—the whole lot of us,—now that he has us he declares that he will never part with us, so it is no good your looking longingly at us like that.—*Good Words for the Young.*

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III.—BRAHMANISM.

LESSON VIII.

1. What were the duties of piety? Ritualism, Asceticism.
2. Soma worship.
3. Explain why Brahma has few or no temples for public worship.
4. The duties of morality. Active and passive virtues. Tolerance, temperance, truthfulness.
5. Characteristics of Hindu civilization. Caste.
6. What was the Brahmanic thought of life after death? Absorption.
7. Give the story of Yama, the first man.
8. Illustrate the doctrine of transmigration in its moral effect.

"No other doctrine has exerted so extensive, controlling, and permanent an influence upon mankind as that of the metempsychosis."—*W. R. Alger.*

NOTES.

God and the universe are interpreted by **starting from man**. So far as the gods are good and require goodness, man must be good. Relation of gods and men very intimate in the primitive religions. Faith and prayer, and honoring rites demanded.

The Earliest Offerings were rice, honey, butter, and later, Soma juice. Worship had a domestic and joyous character. There were rushes spread upon the floor, fire was lighted on the hearth or altar, and mantras were sung in the midst of simple ceremonies. There was little sense of guilt or fear.

There was a threefold worship reasoned out at length, of the **Voice** (veracity, kind words, reciting the Veda); of the **Body** (giving alms, protecting the weak, etc.); and of the **Heart** (mercy, love and faith).

Ethical ideas as old as the forms of sacrifice and prayer; but human duties variable, or less explicit or feebly carried out. Indra was true of speech; yet truthfulness, in any age, is the most expensive luxury of life.

The feeling was, that **all duties**, in order to get them faithfully performed, must be **put into the ritual**, under the sanction of the gods. So the Hindu sought to turn life into one continuous ceremonial.

Worship of **Soma**, like that of the Greek Bacchus (Dionysos). A temperate people using an intoxicating drink for a religious service. To drink Soma gives immortality.

The system of **caste** which is a characteristic of existing Hinduism is anticipated, but not taught in the Rig-Veda. In the sacrifice of Purusha—as the hymn reads:

"When they divided him,
How did they cut him up? What was his mouth?
What were his arms? and what the thighs and feet?
The Brahma was his mouth, the kingly soldier
Was made his arms, the husbandman his thighs,
The servile Sudra issued from his feet."

The Laws of Manu teach the doctrine of **transmigration** in its simplest form. There are three stages of existence conditioned upon the good or bad acts, words and thoughts of any life. "For sins of act, a man takes a vegetable or mineral form; for sins of word, the form of a bird or beast; for sins of thought, that of a man of the lowest caste. A triple self-command in thought, word and deed, leads to emancipation from all births, and final beatitude."

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Horlicks Malted Milk.
"Its Effect Was Little Short of Miraculous."
DONGAN HILLS, S. I., April 22, 1891.
MALTED MILK CO., Racine, Wis.
DEAR SIRS:—I enclose a picture of our little two-year-old daughter "Dot." I send it with deepest gratitude for privilege of using your food, MALTED MILK. I FEEL THAT WE OWE OUR LITTLE ONE'S LIFE TO YOU. She was a tiny one from the start. We tried every food in the market in Boston. She could eat nothing it seemed. She barely managed to live for six months. We were again and again in despair of her life. With but little faith I bought MALTED MILK. Its effect was little short of miraculous. She liked it from the first taste. She began to grow immediately. The problem was solved and her life was saved.
Last spring while teething she had a terrible attack of pneumonia. We feared the worst, but her vitality was such she bravely fought it through, and you see her thus to-day. I feel it a sacred duty to help you to present to the world your great discovery in children's food. It seems to me it has no rival. Make any use of this you please and refer to me in any way you like.
Sincerely,
THOS. DIXON, Jr.
Pastor of the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church, New York.
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A Sample of Malted Milk will be sent free by mail upon request. MALTED MILK CO., Racine, Wis.

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Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

I have re-discovered a book, which I myself published five years ago. It was a book of poems,—poems that are not of the type that attract or reward careless reading; poems that will not quite reach their mark till the reader has lived them as well as the poet. More I will not say here, lest it be taken as a mere advertisement. I prefer to let one poem from the book speak for itself:

LOVE AND LAW.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names."—Psalm 147: 3, 4.

Hebrew, who taught thee how to set these brave
Thoughts side by side? For by these words of thine,
If standing on the earth we watch the sky,
We see thee toss this heavy world into
A constellation; but if we look down
About our feet, then heaven falls to the earth,
And such bright mercies throng the way, in numbers
Like sea-shore sands, that we wade deep in skies.
One Lord the same Lord is who healeth me
And tells the number of the stars! Bethink thee,—
This vast of peopled space of burning suns!
If on the pinions of terrific wind,
Potent to rend strong oaks, to tear down towers,
Tossing their guns like playthings in the air,
And twisting huge wrought-iron beams to curls,
If on this wind, I say, thou shouldst be borne,
Past moon, past sun, to catch a star, how long
Would be thy dizzy journey? A hundred years?
Yea, and a hundred hundred, and that by
A thousand, and that doubled still—yea, more—
Riding on the back of a hurricane,
To reach the nearest of the gleaming globes
That kindle watch-fires in the arch of space,
Like beacons set in a cathedral dome.
And from that star a great new firmament
Of stars thou wouldst behold, worlds on worlds, rolling
Upon thy vision, here invisible,
Strange constellations of shining creatures
Sketching their mythic pictures on new skies;
Red orbs and fiery nebulæ, weird planets
Stranger than Saturn, and fierce, hairy comets.
And if upon that star thou shouldst out-single
The faintest gleam of light, and leap to it,
Another firmament would rise before thee,
With worlds piled to the zenith. And so following,
Forever and forever and forever,
And still forever multiplied forever.

No orb stands by itself, or sails or sings
Alone; but each one hath a lovely tune
Which it goes singing for itself, itself,
While all the melodies, agreeing, sound
Together, none marred, but woven to one splendor
Of harmony. These great round lights a thread
Runs through, which strings them, like to burning gems,
Into a chain of evening-lighting stones
Hung round the neck of Righteousness. One thought,
One form, one Lord, one infinite creation,
Down to this little earth, where lovers' lamps
Are naught but little burning suns on tables,
And a tear, spilled, falls in a little sphere
Through space, in conic curve, like rolling planet.

There is no great, no small, nor aught appraise
Can we, saying, this is the more important,
Or, this is but a mean and trifling part:
For all is great in the Eternal Purpose
That holds it all, and even the whole is small
Beside the Eternal Life. What is this earth,
Where men wage wars and build themselves high towers?
What are the planets moving in concentric
Curves with the earth, and what is the stupendous
Sun which ties to itself these whirling worlds?
Truly, compared with the infinitude
Which hath no end on either hand, or up,
Or down, this system of huge worlds, their moons,
And monstrous sun binding them all together,
Are but as fine dust, cast by a man's hand
Into the sky. The mollusk and the polyp,
The diatoms, whose thin silicious skins
Deposit deep beds of white, shining sand,
And hosts of strange and living little creatures
In water, earth, or air,—these are the dust's dust.
Yea, and on this imperious rolling ball,
What is man's body but a grain or mote?
And yet how spins the earth unhazarded,
And singing on its way serenely roves
Around the sun; how prompt the seasons are,
How full of luscious juices and sweet waters!
How lordly planets make their grave obeisance
Unto the central king, revolving round him
And glowing in his light so vividly
That they may be descried by day, not hidden
Even by the sun's prodigious beam! How softly
And faithfully the moons attend their worlds,
Reflecting the sun's smile over the shoulder
Of night when that brown nurse bids day begone
And frowns upon the too indulgent light!
How man's body thrives, and the little insects,
And zoophytes rooted like plants—how all
Flourish and swarm, momentous to the Power
That throws a comet, sets a sun aflame,
And squeezes nebulæ till worlds ooze out.
Before Almightiness, the whole is naught,
But to All-lovingness the polyp's hunger
Cries, and the beast's pangs in his barren den.

If human minds look out into the darkness
And gather rays of truth, 'tis His sight sees;
If human hearts do love, 'tis His love loves;
'Tis His joy joys, when human hearts rejoice;
He is eye's eye, heart's heart and being's being.

It can not be but grief and pain will come:
We know not how to strive and never fail;
We know not how to have and not to lose;
There is no way to love and not to fear;
There is no way to love and not to feel
The pangs of parting when seas roll between,
Or when we search in vain for faithless friendship,
Or when—less loss—the sky-pits yawn, and friends
Fall out of sight into their blue abyss.
Then the One Lord takes up our weary woes
As he takes up the isles, or steers a star.
So wonderful his laws that he hath ways
To cope with our great pain.

God hath two temples—
The infinity of starry heavens, one,
Where shining ranks of servants throng and move
In unimaginable multitudes
At his command: the lowly human soul
The other, where he hath made his mercy-seat.
One Life and Love he is through all that vast
Distance, from star to heart. Swifter than light
Or thought he comes from some great sun convulsed,
To hold a heart that it break not too far.
He weighs it in his hand against a world;
It is as heavy to the Lord as all
His suns if it the more hath need of healing.
Praise! Praise! Thanksgiving, Trust and Praise! Amen!

The book from which this poem is taken is "Poems" by James Vila Blake, mailing price in cloth, one dollar. This poem, "Love and Law" will be reprinted in tract form at 30 cents a hundred.

The new edition of Mr. Gannett's "Blessed be Drudgery," announced last week, will be ready by the time this week's UNITY is in the hands of readers. It will be bound in heavy white Windsor hand-made paper, stitched with silk cord, and lettered in the upper left hand corner, in brown ink, leaving room for water-color or other decoration if purchasers care to add it. Mailing price, 10 cents, $1.00 a dozen.

C. H. K.

The Whole world pays tribute to the merits of "Garland Stoves and Ranges."

The publisher of the UNITY has received the following letters and takes great pleasure in making them public, as it is a satisfaction after publishing a large advertisement to know that it not only paid the man who inserted the advertisement, but also gave great pleasure to every one who replied:

531 JERSEY ST., QUINCY, ILL., OCT. 2d, 1891.
MESSRS. J. D. LARKIN & CO., Buffalo, N.Y.
GENTLEMEN:—The Combination box with the Chautauqua lamp safely received. I am greatly pleased. The Chautauqua Piano Lamp is the handsomest I ever saw. Inclosed please find $10 for another box.
Very respectfully,
MRS. J. W. KOCH.

73 HEYWOOD, AVE., ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 28th, 1891.
J. D. LARKIN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
GENTLEMEN:—The Combination box with the "Sweet Home" soap and various other articles *ad libitum*, together with the "Chautauqua Piano Lamp" with the beautiful red shade and all of the trimmings as promised, has come safely to hand, [See advertisement in UNITY of Sept. 24] and certainly do not regret that I sent you my order.
Very respectfully,
(REV.) S. C. LEONARD.

Free Tickets to the World's Fair.

To the first twenty who read this advertisement through, then cut it out and send it to us asking for our free Griffith folder with full particulars of our

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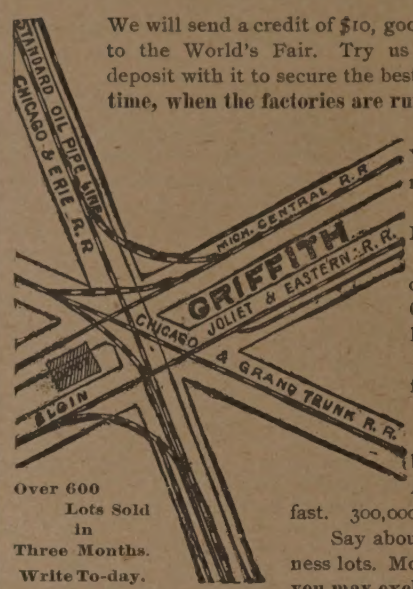

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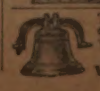

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